adventures on the american Frontier

Westward Over the Blue Ridge Mountains

Part Four George Washington and the Wild Allegheny



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"Hello! Are you Mr. Gist?"

Christopher Gist stopped loading his wagon. He was getting ready to move from his home in the Yadkin Valley to a new cabin he had built on the trail to the Ohio Country. He saw two men riding toward him with a string of pack horses behind them.



"I'm Christopher Gist," he said, and he walked toward the strangers.

The visitors were not frontiersmen like himself. They wore the clothes of the gentlemen who lived along the East Coast. It was not often that such men made their way as far west as the little settlements of the Yadkin Valley.

The men got down from their horses, and Christopher saw that the leader was tall, slim, and much younger than he had first thought—perhaps only twenty-one



years old. The young man held out his hand and said, "I'm Major George Washington, and this is Lieutenant Van Braam. We've ridden here with a message from the governor of Virginia."

Christopher shook the major's hand. Major Washington took out a folded

piece of paper from his saddlebag. "Perhaps you had better read the governor's letter, Mr. Gist," he said, "to understand why we're here and why we wish to have you travel with us." "Travel with you?" asked Christopher. "But gentlemen, I'm just about to leave with my family. We're moving to a place I found on my trip to the Ohio Country three years ago." But he took the paper and read it.

As he finished, Major Washington spoke. "You see, Mr. Gist, because you made that exploring trip to the Ohio Country, you're the only man who can guide us there now. You know the trail, you know how to live in the wilderness, the natives think of you as a friend, and our government trusts you."



Christopher turned toward the cabin. "Come inside," he invited. "We'll talk it over."

Christopher Gist was an unusual frontiersman. He had been to school in his youth and could read and write well. He had been trained in the work of a surveyor and could measure and map the land. He knew when to talk and when to be quiet. For those reasons, he had been sent into the western wilderness in the fall of 1750 to find land for a settlement.